

for yeve me so debonairly.

In alle my youthe, in alle chaunce,
She took me in hir governaunce.

THERWITH she was alway so trewe,
Our joye was ever yliche newe;

Our hertes wern so even a payre,

That never nas that oon contrayre
To that other, for no wo.

for sothe, yliche they suffred tho

Oo blisse and eek oo sorwe bothe;

Yliche they were bothe gladde and wrothe;

Al was us oon, withoute were.

And thus we lived ful many a yere

So wel, I can nat telle how.

Sir, quod I, wher is she now?

Now! quod he, and stinte anon.

THERWITH he wex as deed as stoon,

And seyde: Alas! that I was bore!

That was the los, that herbefore

I tolde thee, that I had lorn.

Bethenk how I seyde herbeforen,

Thou wost ful litel what thou menest;

I have lost more than thou wenest...

God wot, alas! right that was she!

ALAS! sir, how? what may that be?

She is deed! Nay! Yis, by my
trouthe!

Is that your los? by God, hit is routhe!
AND with that worde, right anon,

They gan to strake forth; al was doon,

for that tyme, the hert hunting.

THAT, me thoghte, that this king

Gan quickly boonward for to ryde

Unto a place ther besyde,

Which was from us but a lyte,

A long castel with walles whyte,

By seynt Johan! on a riche hil,

As me mette; but thus it fil.

RIGHT thus me mette, as I yow telle,

That in the castel was a belle,

As hit had smiten houres twelve.

THERWITH I awook myselve,

And fond me lying in my bed;

And the book that I had red,

Of Aleyone and Seys the king,

And of the goddes of sleping,

I fond it in myn honde ful even.

THOGHTE I, this is so queynt a sweven,

That I wol, by processe of tyme,

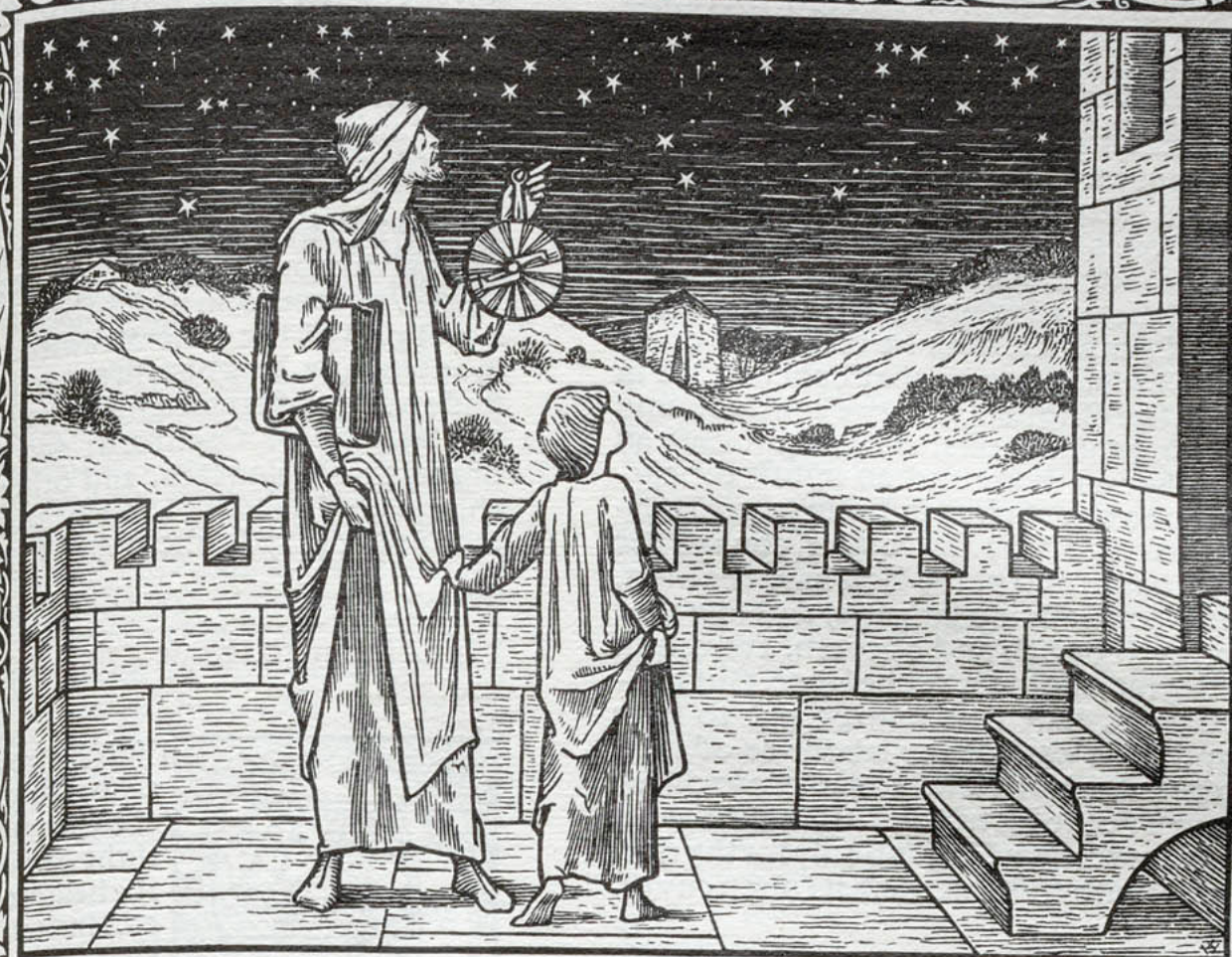
fonde to putte this sweven in ryme

As I can best; and that anon.

This was my sweven; now hit is doon.

Explicit the Boke of the Duchesse.

A TREATISE ON THE ASTROLABE PROLOGUS



LOWIS MY SONE, I HAVE PERCEIVED
wel by certeyne evidences thyn abilitie to lerne
sciencez touchinge noumbres and propor-
cions; & as wel considere I thy bisy preyere
in special to lerne the Tretis of the Astrolabie.
Than, for as mechel as a filosofre seith, he
wrappeth him in his frend, that condescend-
eth to the rightful preyers of his frend, ther-

for have I geven thee a suffisaunt Astrolabie
as for oure orizonte, compowned after the la-
titude of Oxenford; upon which, by media-
cion of this litel tretis, I purpose to teche thee
a certein nombre of conclusions apertening
to the same instrument. I seye a certein of
conclusiouns, for three causes. The furste
cause is this: truste wel that alle the conclu-
siouns that han ben founde, or elles possibly
mighten be founde in so noble an instrument
as an Astrolabie, ben unknowe perfytly to any
mortallman in this regioun, as I suppose. An-
other cause is this; that sothly, in any tretis
of the Astrolabie that I have seyn, there ben
some conclusions that wole nat in alle thinges
performen hir bihestes; & some of hem ben
to harde to thy tendre age of ten yere to con-
seyve. This tretis, divided in fyve parties,
wole I shewe thee under ful lighte rewles &
naked wordes in English; for Latin ne canst
ow yit but smal, my lyte sone. But natheles,
suffise to thee thise trewe conclusiouns in
English, as wel as suffyseth to thise noble
clerkes Grekes thise same conclusiouns in
Greek, & to Arabiens in Arabik, and to Jewes
in Ebrew, & to the Latin folk in Latin; whiche
Latin folk han hem furst out of othre diverse